

BLOOD THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION.

A Thanksgiving Discourse.

DELIVERED IN

THE HOUSE OF HOPE,

NOVEMBER 27, 1862.

BY

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"WITHOUT SHEDDING OF BLOOD IS NO REMISSION."—HEB. IX, 22.

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SAINT PAUL, Nov. 28, 1862.

Rev. F. A. Noble:

DEAR SIR :—The undersigned, members of the Congregation of the House of Hope, believing that your discourse delivered on Thanksgiving Day, is eminently adapted to the times, and worthy of a more permanent record and wider circulation through the medium of the Press, respectfully request a copy for publication in pamphlet form.

ALEX. RAMSEY,	J. E. MARTIN,
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SAINT PAUL, Dec. 1, 1862.

GENTLEMEN—

I am very grateful for your kind opinion of my discourse ; not simply because it is a pleasant personal tribute, but because it is a source of rejoicing that the sentiments therein expressed meet the approval of intelligent and influential men.

If this discussion can help, in any degree, to a wider appreciation of the great national crime which underlies our present gigantic struggle, and to intensify the purpose of loyal citizens to cast the unholy and offensive thing out of the Temple, it should not be withheld. Trusting to your judgment rather than my own, I cheerfully furnish a copy for publication.

Very Respectfully yours,

FREDERIC A. NOBLE.

To Alex. Ramsey, W. D. Washburne, and others, Members of the Congregation of the House of Hope.

BLOOD THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION.

HEB. IX : 22—" *Without shedding of blood is no remission.*"

I have chosen these words to-day, my friends, in preference to any of the ordinary formularies of Thanksgiving, because they strike down at once into the heart and secret of the terrible conflict that is desolating and drenching the land. It has been a year of blood. A year of plenty and of blessing too. Abundant harvests have rewarded the labors of the husbandman. No dread pestilence has stalked through the land. Trade has been brisk and profitable. All industries command remunerative prices. In many respects we have had a season of unprecedented prosperity. *But it has been a year of blood.* The record of its events will be a catalogue of precious sacrifices. Our commonwealth has been suddenly startled from its repose of peace—rudely arrested in its industrial endeavors—by the wild cry and the fierce deeds of ruthless assassins. A general massacre has taken place—in both extent and atrocity, almost without a parallel in history—so terrible that men forgot to toil and trade and the very air of our homes seemed suffused with its awfulness, and the whole land, trained to the story of sudden and shocking death by the sad tales which have come up from the ensanguined battle fields of the Nation, stood appalled at its recital. Men, women and children have been swept away in the indiscriminate rage of a barbarous ferocity, or, if any have been spared—remorselessly reserved for that refinement of torture and agony, which comes of being the enforced victims of a lawless and cruel lust. Many, whom you have recently known and loved must be mourned

to-day, as you gather around the festive board and send your thoughts out after the dear absent ones. Not a few even of those who rushed out as our willing and brave defenders, have been borne back to us on their shields, and we have rewarded them for their noble self-sacrifice in the only way in which the dead can ever be rewarded by the living—we have given them honored burial. May their names and their memories be sacred evermore with this people! They deserve it—the martyred heroes of Birch Coolie and Wood Lake. The accumulation too of years of honest toil has been scattered and wasted. Dwellings have been burned—homes desolated—rich grain stacks given to the flames, and broad fields, all white for the harvest, have been suffered to pour their ungarnered wealth back again into the bosom of the earth. We have seen the panic-stricken refugees, leaving all they possessed, profoundly grateful if only themselves could escape, flocking hither and thither for protection; and from human lips, pale with the realities of unutterable experience, have heard recountings of untamed violence and savage malignity, that well nigh curdled the blood in our veins! Meantime, while this bloody record has been writing itself out within our own borders, and close under us, the work of carnage and death has been going steadily on, in the great contest which still rages, dividing and distracting the land. Since we were last here to thank God for His annual mercies, Donalson and Corinth, and Pea Ridge and Roanoke, and Vicksburg and Fair Oaks, and Cedar Mountain and Perryville, and Bull Run again and Antietam, and many other hotly contested fields, have trembled under the thunderous roar of angry cannon and loud-mouthed musketry and have drank in the life-blood of thousands upon thousands of the noblest and bravest of America's Sons. Could you count the graves which this one year of war has opened, could you estimate the number of those who have gone out of the shock of battle, bruised and maimed and bleeding—could you go through all the hospitals and enumerate the victims of exposure—of

official neglect—of over-exhausting and crushing duties—could you visit the homes—so many of them in our land to-day—where there is weeping and grief because of those who have gone out never to come back again—could you see the long line of illustrious heroes, led by Wallace and Stevens, and Kearney and Reno, and Richardson and Mitchell—men whose martial prowess and brave daring, have made their names familiar as household words—followed up by the less distinguished, but not less noble ones—mere privates most of them—unknown to the world, but in their hearts enshrining a devotion that would make any cause sublime and sanctify the nation on whose altars they should lay down their priceless lives—could you see all these moving in solemn procession to the grave—could you count them one by one would you not say as I have said : *It has been a year of blood?* What then? Shall we despair? Because of this fearful expense of treasure that is more precious than gold, shall we withhold ourselves from the maintainance of great principles and the last assertion of inalienable and cherished rights? No! What then? Is God unjust? Is He the Infinite One, who allows this destruction, cruel? Has He forgotten us? Does He delight to see His creatures bruise and rend each other? No! God is not unjust. God is not cruel. God has not forgotten us. Nor does He delight to behold the earth crimsoned with the gore of His infuriated and warring creatures. What then? There must be recurrence to fundamental principles. We must remember that *“Without shedding of blood there is—there can be no remission.”* We are not to reflect on the wisdom and goodness of Jehovah. We are not to be stupified into inaction by the contemplation of this awful carnage—not to withhold ourselves from participation, if need be, in this strife for the defence of Freedom and Justice and imperilled Truth, but to recognize the inevitable law which underlies and controls all methods of deliverance from sins. Wherever, in God's domain, there is transgression of law, blood must pay the forfeiture; blood is the price of reconciliation and

re-instatement. This sacredness attaches to the blood, no doubt, because of the old Hebrew notion—at this day more fully established by science, than any other theory—that “the life of the flesh is in the blood,” so that it is but a reiteration of that earliest enactment—“In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die”—both beyond question the out-cropping of a deep inner necessity of the divine economy. For law implies penalty. Violation of law is the invocation of penalty. Without atonement there can be no relaxation of punitive infliction. With men and with nations who have offended God it is ever true—

Blood is the price of restoration to the Divine favor.

I. We should infer as much, from the nature of sin and the consequent relations of the sinner to God and moral government. Law, stern and positive, lies at the basis of that vast and multiplex economy which we call the universe. Life is every where conditioned upon conformity to law. There is no being, no creature, that can violate the rule under which it is ordained to live without peril of vital forfeiture. Even mistakes are hazardous, and thoughtless tampering with Nature's ordinances, often wakes up a slumbering vengeance that falls on us like an unleashed avalanche. But sin, the *wilful transgression* of divine enactment, sin is a crime so heinous that nothing but blood can wipe it out. In strict requirement of law, the blood of the offender—by special ordering of merciful dispensation it may be the blood of bulls, or of goats, or the sprinkling of the ashes of an heifer, these however, being substitutes for the criminals themselves, and foreshadowing and typefying a worthier sacrifice yet to come. This, as I conceive it, is the philosophy of the Atonement. If law has been broken, there must be sacrifice in order to restoration. Something, somewhere, must pay the penalty for even the least infraction. This necessity is substructural of all God's ordainments. Law is so infinitely precious and sacred in the Divine estimation, that no

infringement of it can be tolerated. We may well believe a million invisible cherubims, such as never waved flaming sword at the entrance of Eden, rush to be avenged for every violation. For, let it be known, even in the remotest corner of creation, that the great principles whereby this universe subsists can be trifled with, can be broken, dishonored, neglected, in any particular, by any finite being, and this whole magnificent system of ours must topple down—

“The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth’s base built on stubble.”

Sin degrades, pollutes, demoralizes to such degree, works such ruin and overthrow in the whole wide temple of things that God cannot help “hating” it, cannot help declaring that “every transgression and disobedience shall receive just recompense of reward,” and reiterating in multiplied form and force of nature and revelation, “*the wages of sin shall be death.*” Thus only can Supreme authority be vindicated; thus the wisdom, the integrity, the matchless character of Him who established this present order of things be manifested to all intelligences. Sin is an assault upon God. In simple self-defence he must rebuke and punish it. But, in exacting the forfeiture of life for every transgression, I, of course, do not mean to intimate that God does it for the gratification of any mere motive of private revenge, such as we think it. That which is one of the most odious things in lapsed, degenerate men—the complacent contemplation of the pain and anguish of those who have offended us—can have no place in the bosom of the blessed God. No precept within the whole compass of revelation expresses at once our duty and His own divine nature more fully than that of loving our enemies and forgiving men their trespasses. But law, order, government, the happiness of the universe, His own purity are at stake. He can not withhold infliction. The necessity of visiting transgression with wrath, underlies the very idea of system, inheres in the very notion of moral government. Hence, Christ’s death, or

some equivalent satisfaction must be had before an offending race could be rescued from threatened and deserved punishment. Calvary is not merely an exhibition of the infinite love of God for fallen and helpless humanity, but a declaration, to the last emphasis, of the "*exceeding sinfulness of sin*," and of the deep commanding necessity, wrought into the very fibre and tissue of things, that *blood*, the symbol and substance of life, must flow in the trail of disobedience. What other interpretation shall be put upon Christ's own words? After the resurrection, when the disciples were doubting and questioning, "He said unto them, 'O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken—*Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?*'" Again he says, "*It behooved Christ to suffer*"; and Paul, in expounding scripture at Thessalonica, opened with this same declaration, that "*Christ must needs have suffered.*" Elsewhere he has written, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, *being made a curse for us.*" So obnoxious is sin. With such loud voice, under God's economy, does it cry for blood.

II. If now we turn from the contemplation of that necessity of moral government and universal well-being which brought Christ to the cross—from the nature to the course of things—we shall find the same law cropping out in the development of history. Nations that have fattened into corruption, and have atheistically and selfishly persisted in a riotous career of gigantic aggression and fraud, have either been smitten with the wrath of Heaven and swept into oblivion, or else, as the price of continued existence and promotion, have been forced to wade through bloody seas.

Egypt, deaf to the instincts and piteous beseechings of justice and humanity, unawed, unsubdued,—made callous only—by the terrible monitions of the plagues, relaxed her iron grip and lifted her iron heel from the neck of the oppressed, not until the angel of death had visited every household and sealed the reluctant decree of deliverance with

the life-blood of her first born. Escape from the infatuation of crime—even desistence from injustice and wrong cost that precious purchase.

Nor did God's own people, dear to him, as we know they must have been, ever break away from the tether of this same over-ruling and in-ruling law. From the Red Sea, through which these panting fugitives had been miraculously led, it was but a little way to the Promised Land, and the path might have been a straight one. But it took these disobedient tribes forty years to make the journey. They had sinned grossly. They were outrageous sinners still. Without discipline, without chastisement, without recompense, God would not let them into the light and love of full fruition. They had to wait and wander in the wilderness. They had to be shaken in the great sieve of disappointment, defeat and pain. They had to be drawn and hammered on the fiery anvil of suffering. They had to be beaten and bruised and torn. They had to bleed before they could be permitted to enjoy. At a later period, when riches and power had corrupted them, and envies and jealousies had ripened into factions, and factions had culminated in open revolt, when they had become bloated with idolatry, and in the stupidity engendered by sensual besotment, had forgotten the great Lord of Lords and King of Kings who had bared his right arm to bring them through the brazen front of armed and opposing hosts; then they had to succumb to enemies; then they had to be put under the scourging tuition of mocking Babylon; and not until after long years of bitter taunt, of debasing association, of degrading service and eager melancholy longings to pace the streets of loved Jerusalem, to mark the bulwarks, to tell the towers thereof, and to catch a glimpse of those everlasting hills whence came their help—could they find their way back into the favor of an offended Jehovah. God permits even the children and the heirs of promise to walk into the Holy Land not otherwise than with maimed limbs and bleeding feet and stricken hearts.

Consider the growth of European civilization. Europe

got itself rudely unified—for the first time pervaded with the idea of one common sentiment—possessing all classes alike—princes, priests and people—through the influence of the crusades. At bottom this was a conflict between Christianity and *M* hommedism; but its precious results were the emancipation of mind, enlargement and liberalization of human ideas, and, best of all, what has just been asserted, unity for the continent. Hitherto there had been no union—nothing in common—no object of central and commanding interest. To the contrary, all was local, confused and antagonistic. The convictions of her dissociated hordes were singular and heterogeneous. They had never known—had never been animated and controlled by a common impulse and purpose. But this great event fused and blended them into one. Henceforth the multitudes of Europe were to be capable of joining hands and standing shoulder to shoulder. That was an immense stride in civilization; yet see how many lives were sacrificed to gain this one end. In the first crusade Peter the Hermit set out, at the head of a vast mob of wild marauders and licentious fanatics, and pressed down through the forests and over the rivers of Germany toward the sepulchre; by his zeal, enkindling the fires of a mighty and quenchless enthusiasm which drew all contiguous tribes into the absorbing current of his own burning purpose. But they never came back again—that vast mob. Sword, disease and famine preyed upon them, and the whole multitude sank into unremembered graves. So of another million—seven hundred thousand of them capable of bearing arms—that followed the illustrious standard of Godfrey of Boulougne. Most of these fell victims to sickness, exposure and fatigue; but those who were spared were cut to pieces at Rama, and a new army met the same fate at the hands of the Saracens, in Asia Minor.

In the third crusade, Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, led a hundred thousand men to the slaughter, and crowned the offering with the heroic sacrifice of his own life. All this had to be done and much more—for these are

only hints of the terrible destruction wrought in this struggle—before Europe would consent to come under the yoke of a common civilization, would yield herself to any notions of generality ; before her people would consent to stand and work together—not perfectly, but even in the rudest way. That was the sacrifice of blood which they must make. These nations had transgressed. They had excluded the light of heaven and rejected divine guidance. They were under wrath for disobedience. The evolution from barbarism to civilization was permitted only through the groanings of sacrificial agony. Of course thousands of innocent ones were involved in the general ruin. The blood of the noblest and best had to go into the solution of the problem. But it is because of just such facts as these, patent to every body, that we are enabled, in the orderings and ongoings of social life, to find analogies and supports for the incontestible doctrine of vicarious atonement. Were history other than I represent it, that doctrine might seem unnatural and monstrous. But in surveying the past and contemplating the actual unfoldings of the present, nothing seems to us more common than the suffering of the innocent in consequence of the sins, and for the good, of others. In just that way are all humanity's noblest results achieved.

But narrow the circle of observation. Consider the inestimable wealth of vital treasure, which had to be expended before Gaul, with its fearfully savage and always restless hordes could be organized into the unity and compactness of a nation. In the West the illustrious and indefatigable Charlemagne sought to re-enact the lives of the great Constantine and the august Cæsars and to build an empire, which should emulate the glory and consistency of the seven-hilled city in her palmyest days. The day for that had gone by. He succeeded only in bringing together and rudely cementing certain heterogeneous elements, and thus laying the foundation for the French Empire. But what profusion of blood for that one acquisition. One thinks of the history of that magnificent empire on which this was

sought to be modeled. Consider for a moment what it cost in priceless treasure of human life to build up Rome ; to secure her civilization, her civil institutions, her Pandects and Justinian Codes, her grandeur and reach of imperial power ! Not a prerogative, not a privilege of citizenship did her sons enjoy, not an institution nor a practical principle of worth has she left behind her, which was not fought for, which was not purchased through the sprinkling of the blood of human sacrifice. But France ! who can count the living offerings that have been laid on the altar of the unity and integrity of that nation ! Her history makes one shudder. Her Great Revolution was a carnival of blood. From Charlemagne down through Louis le Grand to the last Napoleon, she has been allowed to cast off allegiance to no "crime of" law, to make attainment in no virtue of national life, without fearful compensation of her bleeding sons.

You know through what volcanic upheavals and bloody baptism England has found her way up to the rights and dignities and securities of her Constitution. Magna Charta, Petition of Rights, Bill of Rights, these three standards of final appeal which Lord Chatham has called "The Bible of the English Constitution," are the impregnable bulwarks of that nation's liberties. And each has been the antecedent or consequent of appalling carnage. The cause and the carnage are not always synchronous. Sometimes there comes the arbitrament of clashing arms long before there can be any rational definition and true comprehension of the verdict. Sometimes too, liberty and humanity have inspiration to pen decrees, having in themselves only a remote though most effectual leverage on tyranny, to the solemn and restraining import of which lawless aggression and arbitrary rule do not wake up for centuries, and then comes the "tug of war." The American Revolution was the echo of Magna Charta, the direct offspring of the Petition and the Bill of Rights. But limitation of Sovereign power, popular elective franchise, the undisputed prerogative of Parliament to make law and impose tax, Habeas Corpus, Trial by Jury, full right

on the part of every citizen to the largest enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, consistent with the public weal, are institutions and privileges that have been secured with the lives and cemented with the blood of our heroic ancestors. At the time of the Norman Conquest there were probably not two million souls in the realm, yet not less than three hundred thousand lost their lives in doing the work of William the Conqueror alone. That was only the beginning. For the battle of Hastings, was but the bugle-call to order and nationality—was merely emergence from chaos and anarchy. And though they fought no battle at Runnymede—the conflict came later—King John was forced to yield reluctant assent to Magna Charta in the face of the bristling and defiant hosts, which Robert Fitzwalter had drawn up for the assertion of the last argument in defence of yeomen's rights. Cromwell with his fiery cohorts was but Fitzwalter come again. The licentious, but timid John had grown robust and audacious in Charles, and that which was easily smothered down at Runnymede came to terrific explosion at Marston Moor and Naseby. I need only remind you how our own Revolutionary history illustrates this severe but universal truth.

As Milton has sung of Cromwell :

“Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.”

Many bloody contests are but the indiscriminate and aimless fury of maddened passion. They mean nothing but licentious thirst and royal rage. But sin infatuates, allures, engulfs. The workers of iniquity grow ever more and more reluctant to give up their unrighteousness. Hence the impossibility of truth's easy victory in the great moral conflicts always impending. Hence the seeming unwillingness of God, without ransom of blood, to let the nations loose from the trammels of tyranny and up into the enjoyment of inalienable right and divine privilege. It is not that God loves to smite and bruise his creatures. But sin necessitates

these fearful struggles. So it is burned into the red page of history "*Without shedding of blood, there is no remission.*"

III. But we shall feel that this bitter necessity merits new emphasis, when we consider the enormity of the gigantic crime, which, under God's Providence has been permitted to flame out into the ravages and desolations of war. If, as we are bound to suppose, *the least sin* is obnoxious to the vengeful retribution of Almighty God—if *every transgression* and disobedience must receive just recompense of reward, and each defection of finite will, unless ample atonement is furnished, be adjudged worthy of death, *what must we not expect as the recompense—as the purchase of deliverance, from this immeasurable wrong, which in itself involves and expresses the consummation of every wrong it has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.*" Contemplate for a moment some of the indications of its intrinsic immorality.

At the outset it takes away the most precious inalienable right—liberty—the instinct of which God has implanted in every human soul, and thus has put all men everywhere under bonds to resist its infraction and realize its completeness. The right to pursue Happiness—"our being's end and aim"—*the Supreme desire*,—as duty is the Supreme rule of action—cannot stand in its imperious presence. Of life it makes a burden and a curse. For it degrades man into a thing—a chattel. Ownership in one's self, a possession infinitely sacred, entailing certain inevitable responsibilities and morally intransferable, it throws into the market and converts into an object of barter and trade. Thus at one stroke it blots out the great primary distinction between man and matter. In the estimation of this system man sinks to the level of a brute. And the shackles which it locks upon the limbs, constrain the mind and soul as well. Fronted with God's image, by virtue of common humanity a possible heir to that priceless inheritance of redemption, wrought out under the agony of the cross—

immortal—compelled by necessities which cannot be ignored to meet all the consequences of this fearful endowment, yet, for every victim of this system, is intelligence interdicted, the Bible shut, and the possibility of realizing the high and holy end for which every soul is created, overborne with blank negation. Life is a probation. Men are sent into the world to work out this probationary struggle. But every child born to this fate of wrong, must read in its iron girdings of forceful restraint, these terrible words which Dante found written on the inner wall of one of the Courts of Hell :

“All hope relinquish, ye who enter here.”

Christ's last great commission was, “Go ye out into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” One may carry that blessed message to Turk and Karen, but in the presence of a slave, it must be unheeded, smothered down and forgotten. Then, too, it is the most flagrant robbery. It defrauds honest labor of the legitimate rewards of toil. It knows no distinction of mine and *thine*. The results of all industries ; muscle and fibre—the instruments of all industries, are anothers. Beauty, faculty, gentleness, ambition, aspirations, strength, endurance—which might bring one wealth, position and power, are quietly taken possession of and catalogued as special sources of gain.

Nor is it content with laying the axe at the root of the tree of all individual rights. It makes equal havoc with the domestic relations. This is the declaration which comes down to us from heaven, when two souls of man and woman agree to love each other and to walk hand in hand through the duty and the destiny of life—“What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.” But slavery spurns the divine interdict, and out through the auction room dares to lead husband and wife—the twain which are to be no more twain but one flesh—in separate and evermore divergent ways. Indeed, according to the divine conception, there is no such thing as marriage among slaves—for the union is not for life, but is limited by the pleasure

of the master. When it suits his convenience the tie can be severed. It is no more regardful of parental relation. Children, precious gifts from the Heavenly Father committed to earthly parents in sacred trust—will not all these fathers and mothers think so to-day as the loved ones gather around the Thanksgiving board and look lovingly up to them through laughing, joyful eyes?—children, committed in sacred trust, to be trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and made meet, through earthly discipline, for the heavenly inheritance, become in very truth, *lambs* of the flock, to be bought and sold in the shambles. For you may buy a child but you dare not teach it to read—dare not hold up to its gaze the enchanting prospect of freedom. You may stand on Mount Ebal to curse, but on peril of imprisonment and torture you must withhold the blessings of Gerizim.

But this system does not stop with the absolute destruction of all that is most precious and cherished of individual rights. It uniformly and universally demoralizes. If you look at its influence, its social and civil results, you will become anew impressed with the conviction of its unfathomable depths of heinousness. It quickly melts away the foundation of chastity and purity in every community where it is allowed to exist. It is itself a caste, and so both engenders and necessitates tyranny. Of course it wars with democracy and all republican institutions. Read the annals of South Carolina. Look at the historical development of the rebellion. Positive despotism or a relentless oligarchy is the only form of government it will tolerate. It stands too in the way of all progress, all invention, all new enterprises, all improvements in the arts and methods of industry. It will not do for enslaved brains to think, nor for enslaved hands to grow cunning! Ask your Minnesota boys who have been campaigning through Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas, how the agricultural, mechanical, social, intellectual and spiritual interests of these slave communities compare with the corresponding elements as they are developed under the tuition,

competition and encouragement of freedom. Let Arkansas and young Minnesota be weighed in the balance and see which shall kick the beam. Let Massachusetts, which you are pleased to denounce as the hot bed of abolitionism, be pitted against South Carolina, the acknowledged garden of secession. Mr. Walker is doing good service to his countrymen in vigorously collating and popularizing the indisputable and astonishing revelations of the last census.

But you know how it is. Slavery is a foul fiend which pollutes and degrades everything it touches in earth and air. It is imperious and will brook no questions. Withal it is the most insinuating and subtle of all evils in its mode of aggrandizement. A steamboat cannot come from New Orleans to St. Paul without distilling its subtle poison at every puff of the engine. Put them in its way, make it possible for them to be in any way serviceable to its behests, and see how quick this power will get the monopoly of your hotels, your presses, your trades, your politicians, your churches, and whatsoever else it wants. Watering places, Mountain resorts, all the great social and political centres, have almost invariably fallen into possession of the apologists and propagandists of the peculiar institution. From the first the North loathed this system of wrong, and abolished it. Yet slavery has ever been the treasurer of Wall Street; and through almost imperceptible, yet studied, rapid aggression, we have seen congresses, courts, churches, presses, literature, parties, social usages, commerce, trade, public opinion, great organizations instituted for the purpose of moral reform, conscientious convictions—everything that was loved and cherished in the free homes and hearts of the liberty-loving North—all swept into subserviency to its dark designs. And, what is most remarkable of all is the mysterious spell which it has been able to throw over the whole nation, whereby, in popular apprehension, it has been looked upon as having a certain inherent sacredness; a kind of divinity about it that should shield it from all assault, and insure its preservation, though every other

of our most precious American institutions should be overborne and crushed in this struggle for their defence. Why! It will be one of the marvels of history, the way we have clung to this blighting, damning curse! *Wrong in itself*—so wrong that justice cries continually to Heaven for its speedy overthrow—not clearly legitimated, but only *tolerated* by the fundamental law of the land; the *direct occasion* of all our former domestic difficulties; the manifest *cause* of our present lamentable and bloody war, known and acknowledged to be such by all honest men; by its own continued existence, supporting, and protracting, and intensifying the strife, and threatening, if successful in securing separation from the old Republic, to encroach on the domain of Freedom by strong centralization of power, and the gradual crumbling in of section after section of disintegrated and adjacent territory, until all the free States are overrun, and slavery is sovereign of the continent—the government all the while having a clear right—to say nothing of the glorious opportunity which this war affords to render justice to an oppressed race—having a clear right, in virtue of its war prerogatives, and the pressing need of self-defence, to shatter this iniquitous system into ten thousand fragments; yet it has held such an iron grip on the national regard and prejudice, has charmed us all into such stupidity and irresolution, that under the specious and hypocritical plea of constitutional regard—a plea felt least by those who howl it the loudest; we have said, “don’t touch it, don’t touch it, let our sons die, our fathers and our brothers; let agony come to our hearts and homes; let the proud old flag be dishonored, and the nation suffer ignominious death; but for God’s sake do not touch this sacred institution; take no step, speak no word which shall give freedom to a scourged and bleeding slave.” One would think this must end the recital of its aggressions and subtle accomplishments. But no! This towering revolt, instigated in the sole interest of slavery, and assuming such stupendous magnitude as to be without precedent in history, is not enough to dispel the

charm. It eludes the vigilance of armies ; it steals through the smoke of battle, and under a thousand thin disguises dictates policies, controls movements, and moulds northern sentiment still. Witness the recent elections. For we have seen a great party, strong enough to carry the leading States in the Union—Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York—shaping their platforms in harmony with old sympathies, and at the very moment that their own sons and brothers and neighbors, the heroic defenders of the nation, were being foully murdered by its assaults, marching to victory, shouting slavery's shibboleths, and keeping step to its music. During the progress of this rebellion I have been willing to remain silent as to the inherent depravity of this cherished system of the south. I have thought cannon balls would be more potent and persuasive than logical deductions and empty words. Current events, it has seemed to me, were demonstrating the immorality and utter perilousness of continuing in our former course, with such effectiveness and force that individuals might well hold their peace. But it is of no use. Men who have convictions on this great question must speak them. So enormous is the evil influence of this system ; so subtle and mysterious its methods of working, that there is no safety for our nation until the masses of the people can be forever disengaged from its thralldom. Hence I say again, if the least sin is offensive to God ; if history makes it fearfully manifest that great national crimes must be atoned for with human blood, what must we not expect as punishment and as price of deliverance from a crime so aggravated and immeasurable as American Slavery ?

I mourn over this. I deprecate this terrible necessity. I sympathize with our brave fellows in the ranks. I grieve over the desolation that has come to thousands of homes—a desolation which will seem most drear to-day, when thanks are to be rendered to God for his unnumbered mercies. I count every one that falls a murdered victim. Wallace, Kearney, and the rest all *murdered*. But there is no escape

from this great law which controls the universe. We have sinned—sinned wilfully—sinned basely too, that we might fatten on the spoils of a lucrative trade: *and we must suffer*. If we continue to sin, if we will not cast the unholy thing out of the Temple, if we will not let the oppressed go free, *we must suffer still*. I pray God that not many more may be called to lay down their lives. These brave men that fill the ranks of our armies are too noble and precious to be sacrificed. Though I trust each who has fallen and all who have suffered would be willing to say with Whittier:

“ If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done ! ”

But there is hope ! I like the outlook. Our armies are large, in good spirits, and magnificently appointed. Their faces are turned in the right direction. I would not reflect upon our retired generals. They have many qualities which entitle them to the nation's confidence. But I think there is reason for great gratitude to-day, that our armies are led by men who will *fight*. I think Burnside and Rosecrans will have no conscientious scruples about winning victories if they can, and harassing rear and flank of defeated foe. What is better than a victory, while New York, and Illinois and Pennsylvania have seemed to falter, Missouri, whose rebel sympathizers instead of staying at home to vote have gone to fight in the rebel army, has nobly wheeled into the line of Freedom. Best of all the President has spoken. The issue is defined. A proclamation has been uttered, that not only immortalizes its author, but puts our nation in the line of God's requirement. The thunderbolt has been launched under the shock of which this gigantic rebellion must be shattered to overthrow. Not without co-operation of our armies of course. Nobody ever expected that. But it supplements the work of arms. It settles as it goes. It makes any subsequent rebellion impossible. I

have never expected a short war. I do not now anticipate a speedy settlement of our difficulties. In the nature of things it cannot be. Perfect restoration can come only through a complete reorganization of the social and political system of the South. But I thank God, that we can now repose in the faith, that when a settlement does come, it will be a right settlement. When we have peace, it will be a real peace and not a hallow truce. Let every patriot take heart then. The problem is hurrying to its solution.

America is to be redeemed ! The time of her deliverance draweth nigh. I see her as she is yet to be, years hence, perhaps, and after much bruising and rending, but as she is yet to be ; her Government a Magnificent Temple, the grandest ever reared by man, because constructed under the direct and acknowledged tuition of God, and framed in all its parts to suit the Divine Idea ; its foundation laid deep and strong in Justice ; its courts and halls all dedicated to Liberty ; its blood-cemented walls impregnable barriers against the assaults of tyranny ; its over-arching roof a shield for all the oppressed ; and its dome evermore gilded with the radiant light of God's ineffable love.